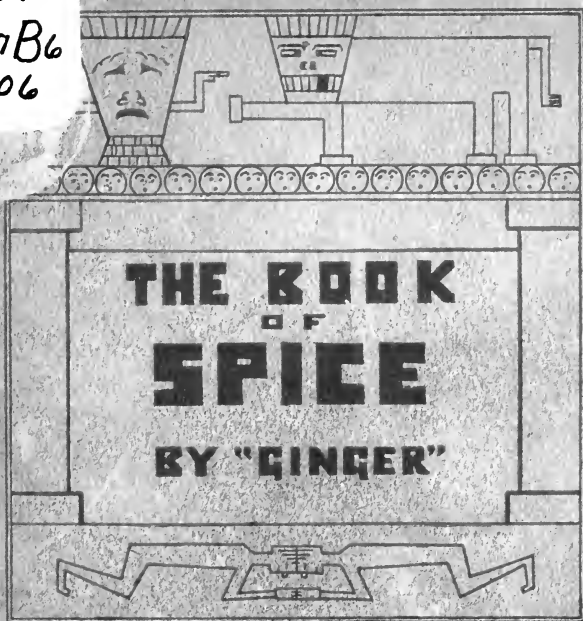


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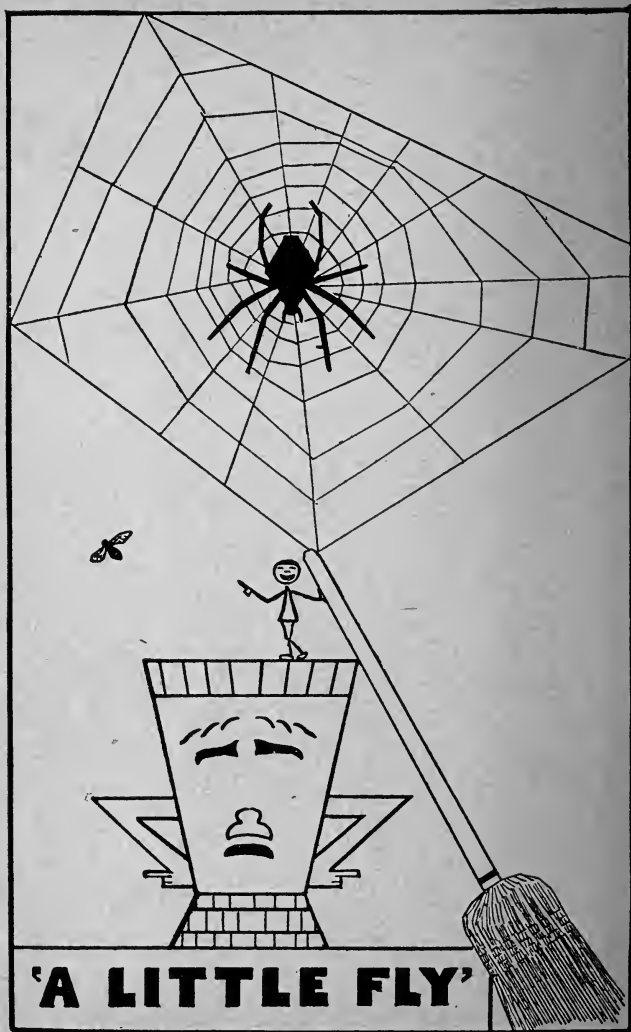
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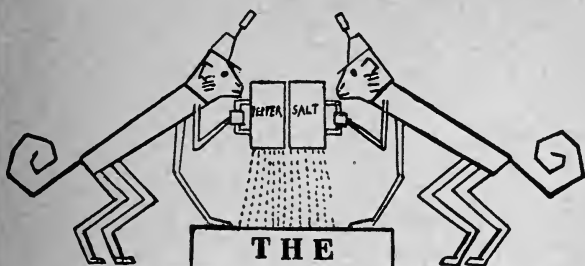
1906



THE BOOK
OF
SPICE
BY "GINGER"



'A LITTLE FLY'



BOOK OF SPICE

By "GINGER"

A Work specially
recommended to Sufferers
who are tired of dipping
their Daily Bread in the
Milk of Human Kindness
and whose Diet requires
a Dash of
HIGH SEASONING

A Book intended to make
the Old a little Younger and
the Young a little Older.

**RECKLESSLY
ILLUSTRATED.**

CLOVES

NUTMEG

MUSTARD

GARLIC

CINNAMON

PAPRICA

CAYENNE

SAGE

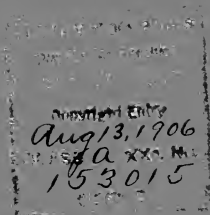
ALLSPICE

LEMON PEEL

JOHN W. LUCE AND COMPANY

BOSTON AND LONDON

1906



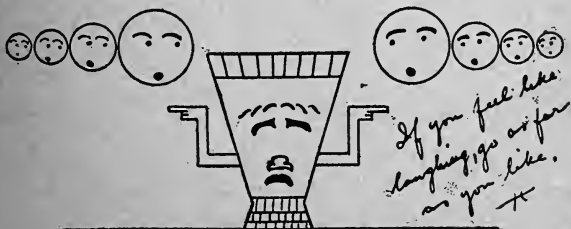
Copyright, 1906, by
JOHN W. LUCE & COMPANY
Boston, Mass., U. S. A.

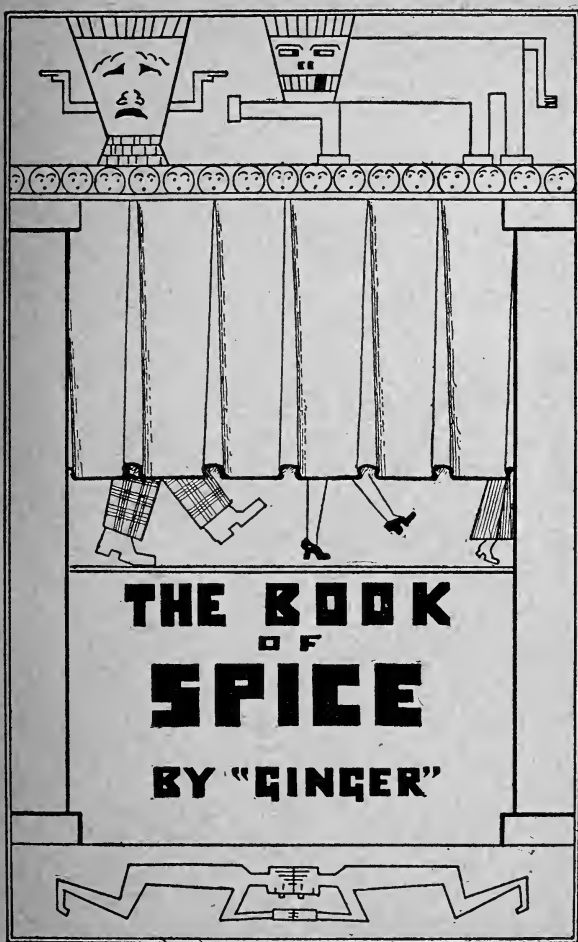


INTRODUCTION

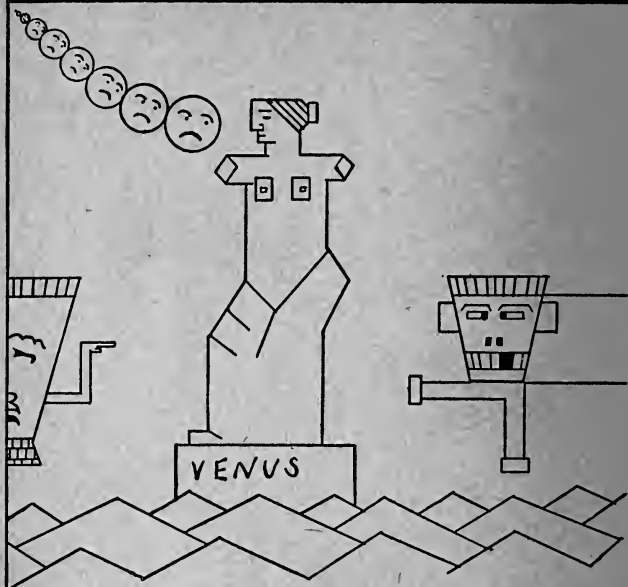
Ladies and Gentlemen:-

The Jug-Face down below is called the Great Josh. He is sad because he sees his own jokes. Nobody else can. The thing ^{up}stairs with the piano-legs is called the Sinky-Lion. He takes food through the hole in his face. The Little Fellow is one of Nature's mistakes. The round things are called Moonatices.



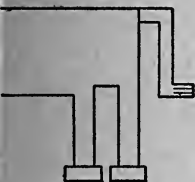


THE BOOK OF SPICE



When Venus, rising from the waves, her pulchritude
divulges,
And posing in the All-at-once, displays her curves
and bulges,
Then comes one sweet, consoling thought: If
Nature built her squarer,
She'd be a "straighter girl," no doubt, but Artists
couldn't bear her!

THE BOOK OF SPICE



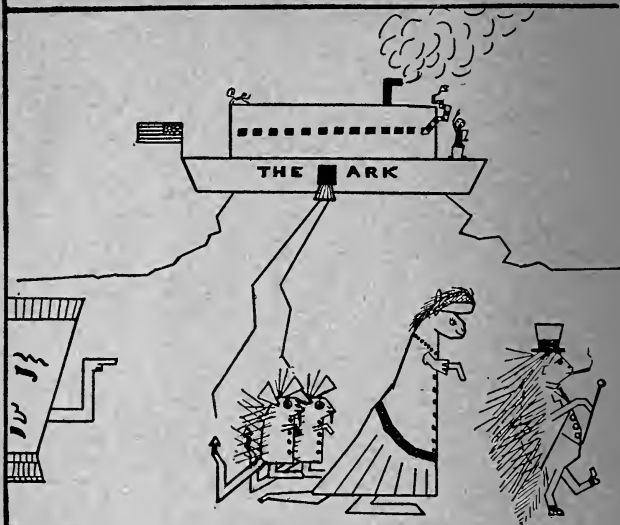
O say, can't you see?

When Fate made Venus armless
It also made her harmless —

For in a squeezing-contest — gee!
She couldn't Hold Her Own with me!



THE BOOK OF SPICE



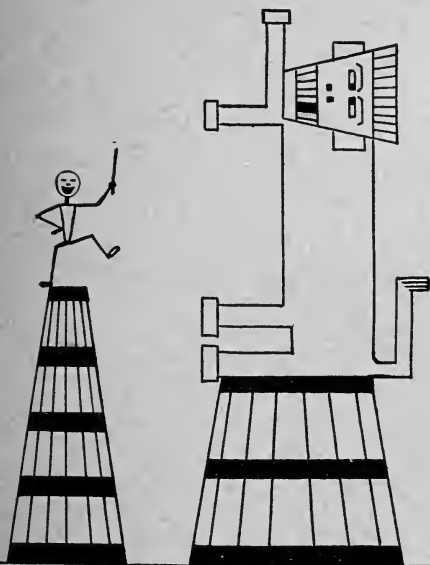
The Kangaroo and Porcupine they met upon
the Ark.

They first began to bill and coo, and then to
flame and spark;

So they were wed and settled down to calm,
domestic habits.

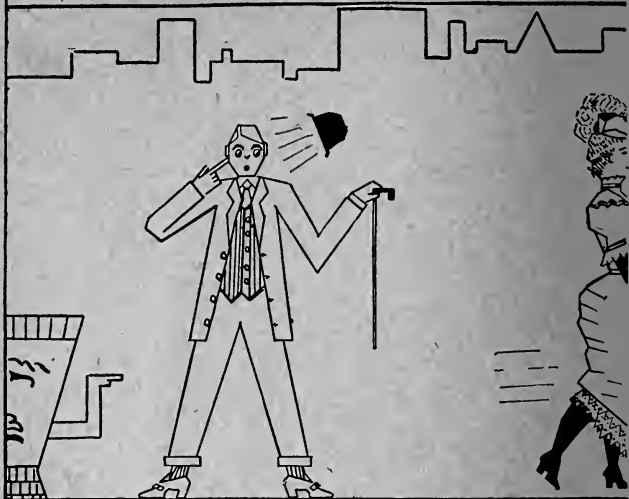
Then Baby came, or rather, twins — both little,
tough Welch Rabbits.

THE BOOK OF SPICE



At midnight when you try a lot
Of indigestive grub,
Just take a Rabbit piping hot—
Then join the Nightmare Club.

THE BOOK OF SPICE

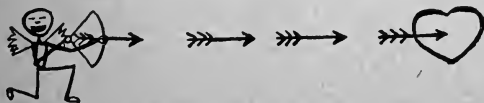


When e'er my true love's skirts do get
To fluttering in the wynde
I cannot choose but look—and yet
They tell me Love is blind!!

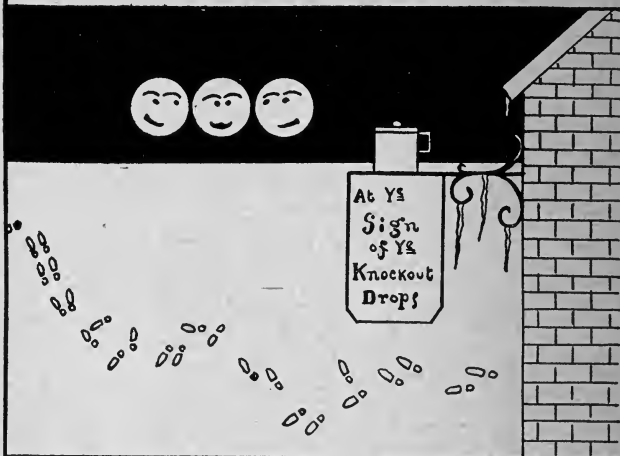
THE BOOK OF SPICE



When lovely Woman hurries by
Some passing car to hook
And holds her dresses rather high
The Blind Man stops to look.



THE BOOK OF SPICE



Zeal is something which flags at nagging and nags at flagging.



In every up-to-date marriage the Parson ties a slip knot. This is much easier to untie in the Divorce Court than the old-fashioned true-love knot.





Kissing is a bad practice — but practice makes perfect.





It requires no explanation when your wife goes to an auction sale and pays \$4 for a fifty-cent sofa-cushion. Auctions speak louder than words.


THE BOOK OF SPICE


 She found herself alone in a Great City. Her first problem was: How to remain Beautiful though Poor. But before she'd been there a month her problem changed to: How to remain Poor though Beautiful.

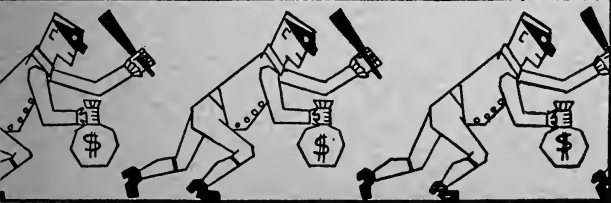
 "There's no fool like an old fool," I used to say in youth.
"There's no fool like a dam fool," seems nearer to the truth.

 Kindness makes friends—but it doesn't make money.

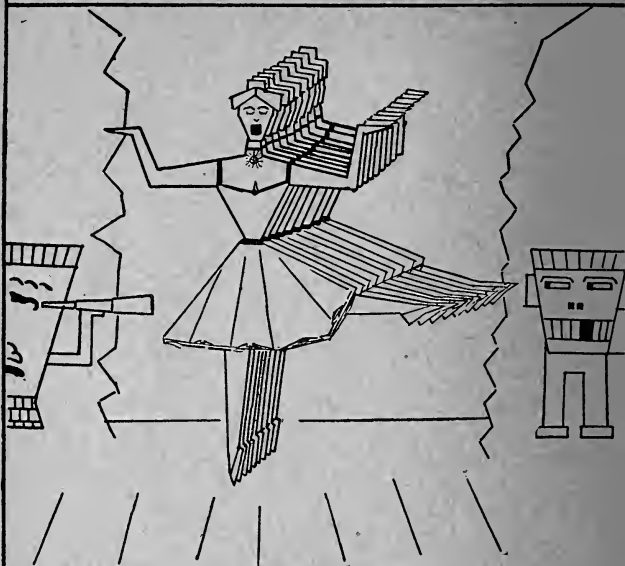
 A bird in the hand lays no eggs—but two in the bush build a nest.

 A Career is a mirage, the desire for which robs the office of good stenographers and fills the stage with indifferent performers.

 Immorality is a good motif for plays, but a bad motif for private life.

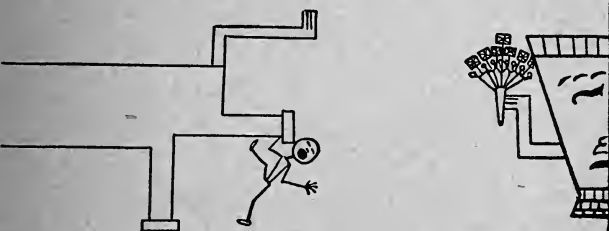


THE BOOK OF SPICE



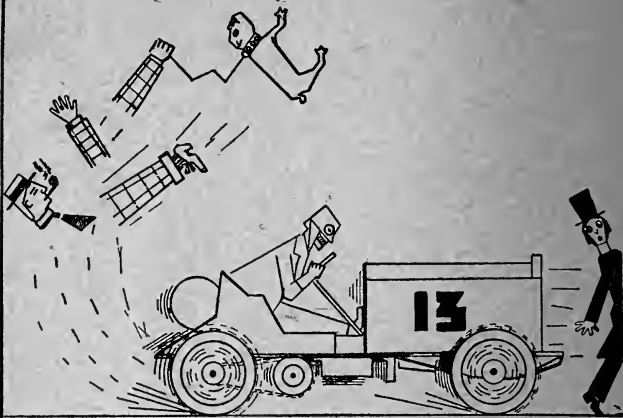
The Chorus girl
Is a porous girl—
In fact she is a sponge.
She bathes her brain
In iced champagne
And rather likes the plunge.
I'll live for her, I'll die for her—
But hang me if I'll "buy" for her!

THE BOOK OF SPICE



A diamond necklace more or less
Is nothing much to her—
'Tis strange how well a girl can dress
On \$15 per!

THE BOOK OF SPICE

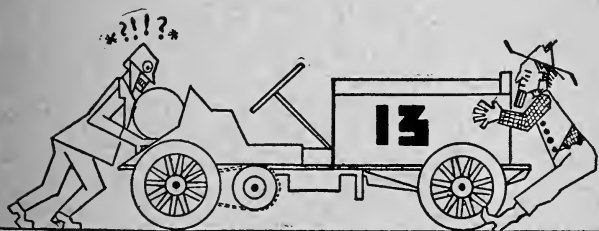


The Automobile keeps a-mowing
Down victims wherever it pops.

It's fearfully fast when it's going,

BUT

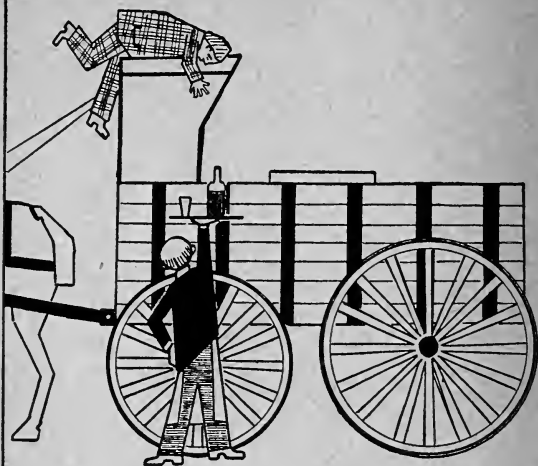
THE BOOK OF SPICE



. . . . it's frightfully slow when it stops.

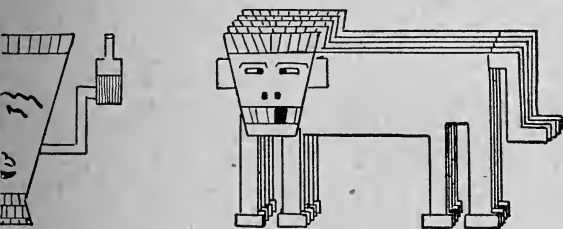


THE BOOK OF SPICE



As sad hours I drag on
The old Water Wagon,
It makes me still sadder to think, now
and then,
That water's so dry—
And the seat's so damp high
That I cannot reach down for a drink,
now and then.

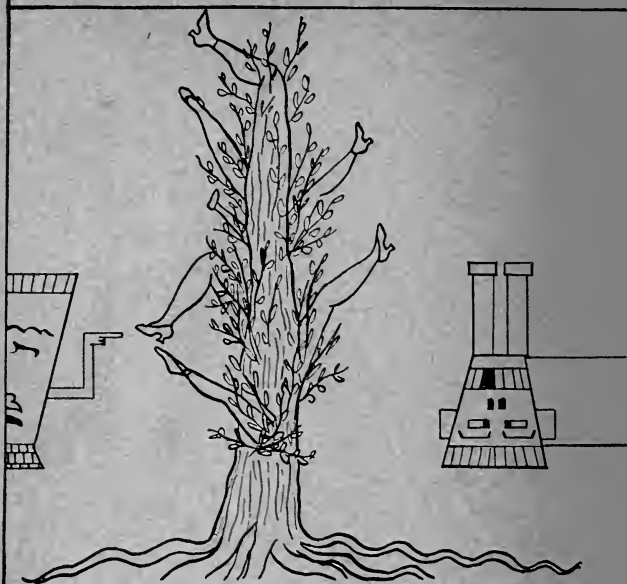
THE BOOK OF SPICE



All drinking is risky:
The man who takes
whisky
Is apt to fight blue toads
and slaughter snakes;
But beware, son and
daughter, —
If you tipple cold water
Too much, you'll be apt
to see Water Snakes!

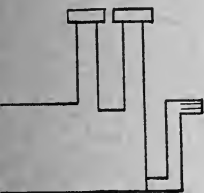


THE BOOK OF SPICE



If limbs like these
Grew on the trees
I think I'd die of heart disease.
I wouldn't dare to look at all
When autumn leaves began to fall.

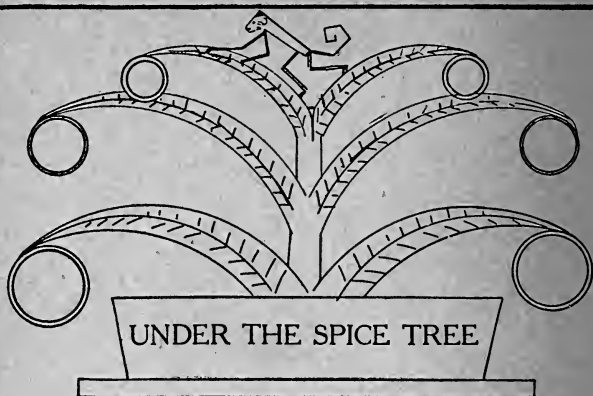
THE BOOK OF SPICE





If all the trees had limbs like mine
I think the woods would look divine!





THE BOOK OF SPICE




 "Don't you believe in flirting, Sol?" asked one of his thousand wives of the wisest of kings. "No, I don't—I'm a married man," replied Solomon as he turned to telephone for 65 new baby carriages.

 Hell hath no fury like a woman's corns.

 When Diana took her morning bath no man was there to look—but the woods were full of rubber-trees.

 Ladies, remember—in the Matrimonial Journey the Slow Freight is better than the Fast Male.

 If the good die young, Methuselah must have been a long time in the Insurance Business.

THE BOOK OF SPICE



Cupid is a good press-agent, but a poor book-keeper. When he finds his books won't balance he makes up the deficit as follows:

DEBIT		CREDIT	
10 hours worry	\$10		
Haberdashery	\$7		
Flowers	\$3		
Theatre Tickets	\$4	1 Kiss	?
Cab Fare	\$6		
Supper	\$11		
Sundries	\$5		
Total	\$46	Total	?



Why do women marry? Some for love; some for money; some for a cheerful companion who will always be on hand to hook up her dress in the back.



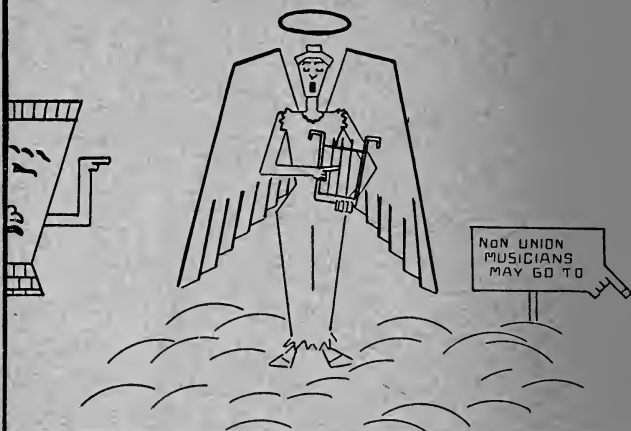
There's a woman at the bottom of everything—even of the Bottomless Pit.



Even in the Age of Christian Enlightenment there still existed a Society which said, "If there is any doubt about a woman's virtue, give it the benefit of your doubt."



THE BOOK OF SPICE



I'd hate to be an Angel
And never do a thing
But practise on that darned old harp
And sing, and sing, and sing.

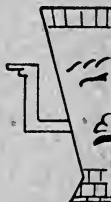
THE BOOK OF SPICE

But if I were a Devil

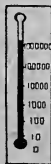
I'd quite enjoy my doom,

And raise old Hades with the boys

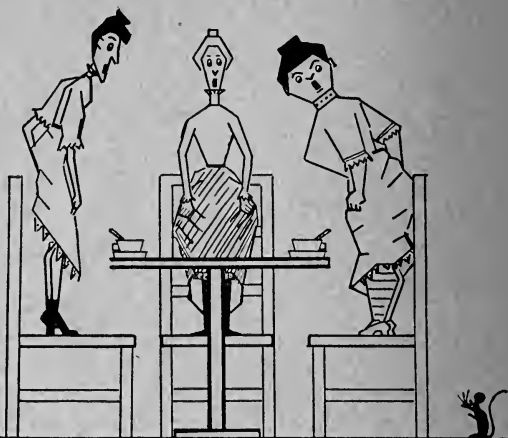
Down in the Smoking Room.



MAM BATHS
XT DOOR

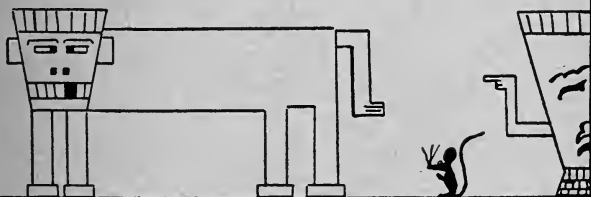


THE BOOK OF SPICE



A Mouse who was searching for flats
Got into a crowd of old cats.
He turned up his nose
When he looked at their hose
And said, with a snicker, "O rats!"

THE BOOK OF SPICE



The Mouse only smiles
When he looks at the styles
Brought out for display.
He gazes a minute,
Then says, "Nothing in it!"
And scampers away.

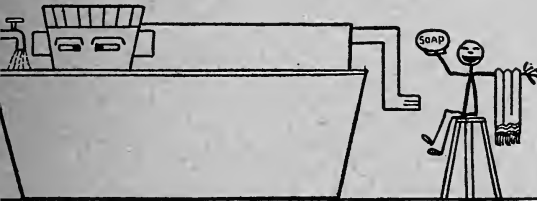


THE BOOK OF SPICE



The Moon looked in the window
When Gladys took her bath;
He boldly peeked. The lady shrieked,
And drew the blind in wrath;
But still the moon continued
To beam upon the mesh.
I think the Moon was rather "new"
To do a thing so fresh.

THE BOOK OF SPICE



The lovely maid protested
And raised an awful fuss,
But the Moon ain't interested
In us.

THE BOOK OF SPICE



What the Waiter Sees.



It's what the waiter doesn't see that he gets paid for. If a gent won't tip, tip his soup.



When a guy talks like money it's no sign that he's going to hand you a dollar.



If you notice it, a chorus-girl always likes her lobsters well "done."



You needn't think you're a General because you can give orders to a waiter.



Don't cry over spilt milk — charge it on the bill.
The constitution follows the jag.

THE BOOK OF SPICE



Cold bottles make warm hearts.



Cold steaks make hot words.



On with the dance, let joy be unrefined!

Bad morals — everybody's but your own.



A Dinner is a bite or a collation — depending on who pays for it.



A Johnnie is a small “angel” who thinks that he is a little devil.



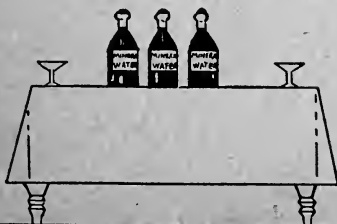
Frills are a light, fluffy material that cover a multitude of shins.



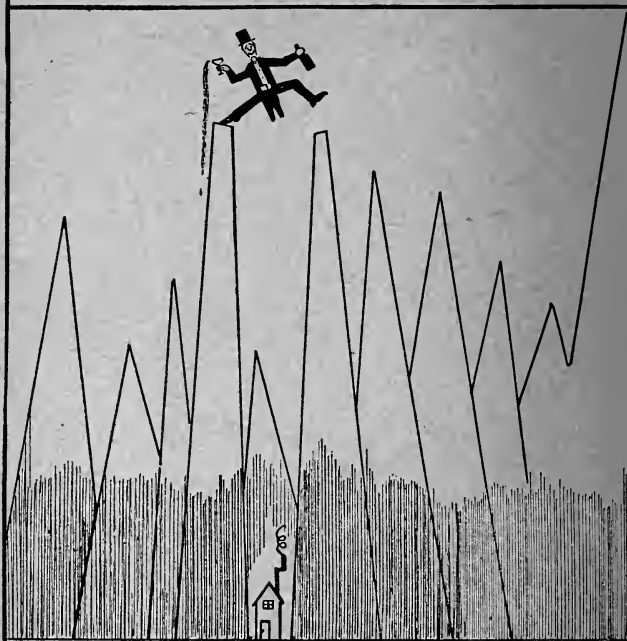
Jealousy makes men shoot and women coo.



A dumb-waiter is the only safe kind to take drinks into a private room.

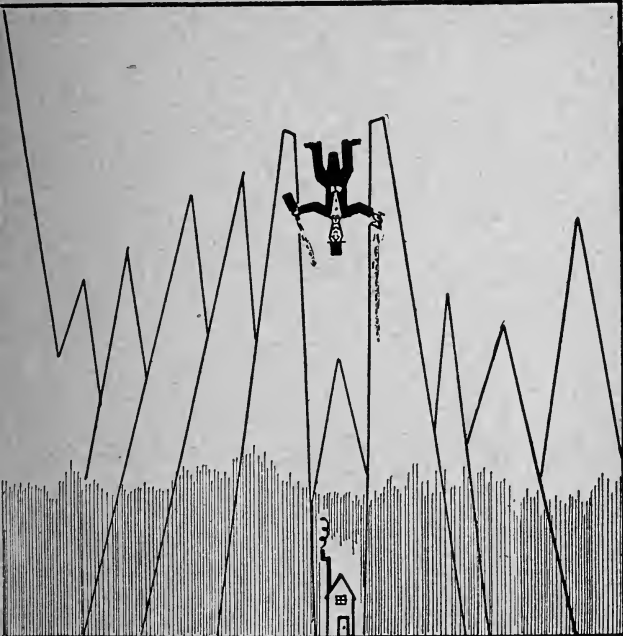


THE BOOK OF SPICE



I'd like to be a billy-goat
And live upon a crag.
With "mountain dew" I'd wet my
throat
And leap from jag to jag.

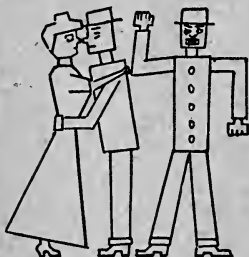
THE BOOK OF SPICE



But, should I slip,
The downward trip
Would need no kind assistance.
When "extra dry"
Comes extra high
You fall an extra distance.

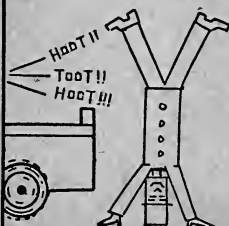


THE BOOK OF SPICE



It is considered dreadful luck,
Of Fate's confounded cook-
ing,
To kiss another fellow's wife
When 'tother fellow's look-
ing.

9



It's also very horrid luck,
And brings all sorts of troubles,
To stand upon your head in
front
Of passing auto-mubbles.

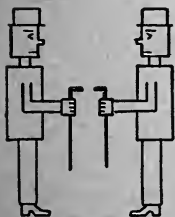
THE BOOK OF SPICE

PLANTER & CO.
UNDERTAKERS



When I am walking down the street
It takes away my breath
To see an undertaker's sign —
For that's a Sign of Death.

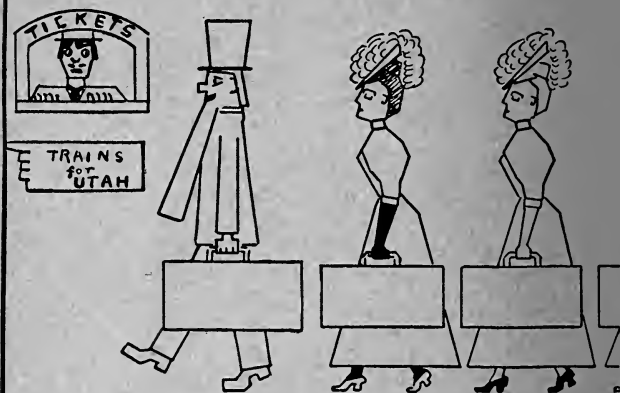
S



Bad Luck comes never singly, sir —
And so I feel a shock
Whene'er I chance to meet myself
A-coming round the block.

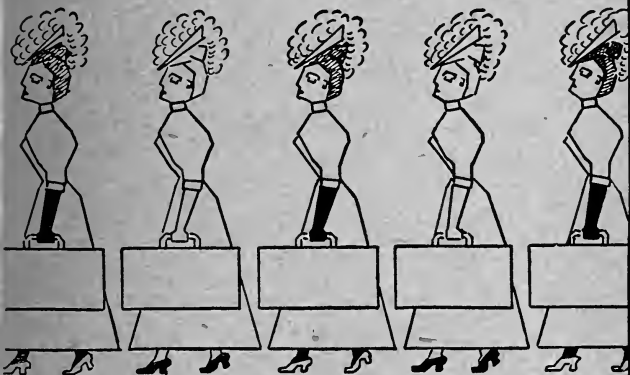


THE BOOK OF SPICE



A rollicking old Mormon wed a chorus
girl named Flo
And they went upon a honeymoon
uproarious.

THE BOOK OF SPICE



He telegraphed her manager, "I like
your sample so
That I think I'll take the balance of the
Chorus."



THE BOOK OF SPICE



Since Dionysius blithe and young inspired old Hellas' air
And beat the muses at their game "with vine-leaves
in his hair,"

Since Wotan quaffed oblivion from Nieblungen gold
And Thor beside the icy fjord drank thunderbolts of old,
Since Omar in the Persian bowl forgot the fires of hell
And wondered what the vintners buy so rare as that
they sell,

What potion have the gods bestowed to lift the thoughts
afar

Like that seductive cocktail that they sell across the
bar?

THE BOOK OF SPICE

Perhaps it's made of whisky and perhaps it's made of
gin,

Perhaps there's orange bitters and an orange-peel within,
Perhaps it's called Martini, and perhaps it's called, again,
The name that spread Manhattan's fame among the
sons of men;

Perhaps you like it garnished with what thinking
men avoid,

The little blushing cherry that is made of celluloid —
But be these matters as they may, a *cher confrère* you are
If you admire the cocktail that they pass across the bar.

And as the hours of talk grow late, the hours of drink
grow more,

What makes the barroom mirror shine as never shone
before?

What makes the dullest utterance the cogs of mirth
anoint

Until no joke is so obscure you cannot see the point?

What makes the sidewalk, homeward bound, like storm-
tossed ships careen,

Until a dear, familiar voice says, "Charles, where have
you been?"

You hear yourself, like some one else,
make answer from afar,

"'Sh' thoshe d'lish's cocktailsh (hic!)
they pash acrosh th' bar!"

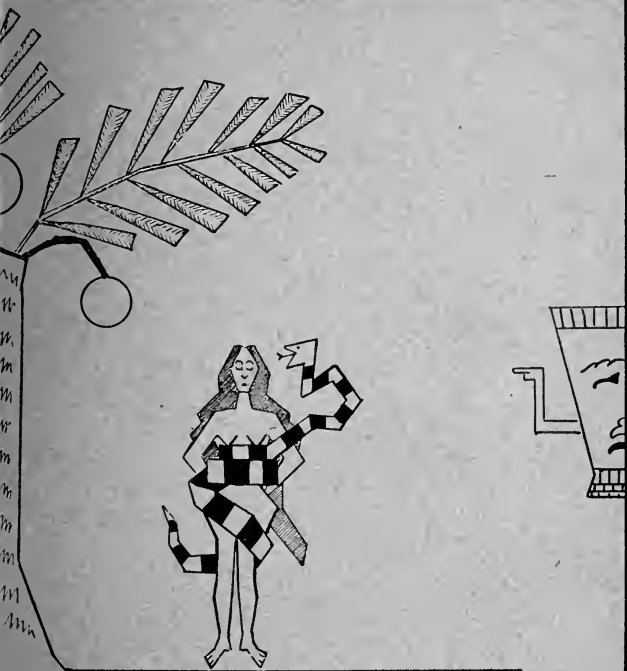


THE BOOK OF SPICE



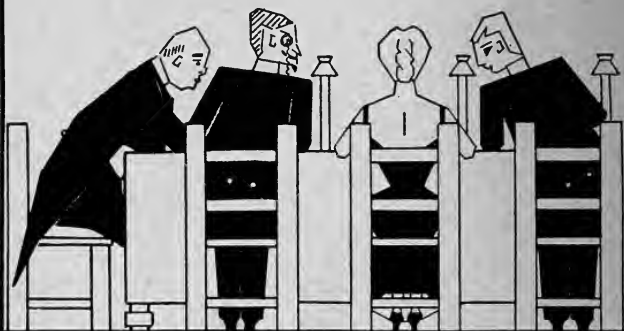
When Eve came to Adam
He said, "My dear Madam,
You're pretty, God bless you—
But who's going to dress you?"

THE BOOK OF SPICE



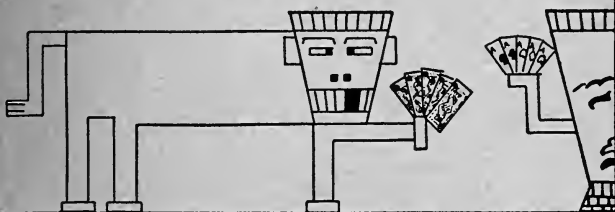
When the Snake coiled about her
Eve looked rather pleased.
She said with a shrug,
“Well, if that’s called a hug
It makes me quite nervous—
But heaven preserve us,
I like to be squeezed!”

THE BOOK OF SPICE



A pretty girl named Snowdown
Who wore her dress quite low-down
Said "Some men swear
That I'm not fair —
I'll give them all a show-down."

THE BOOK OF SPICE

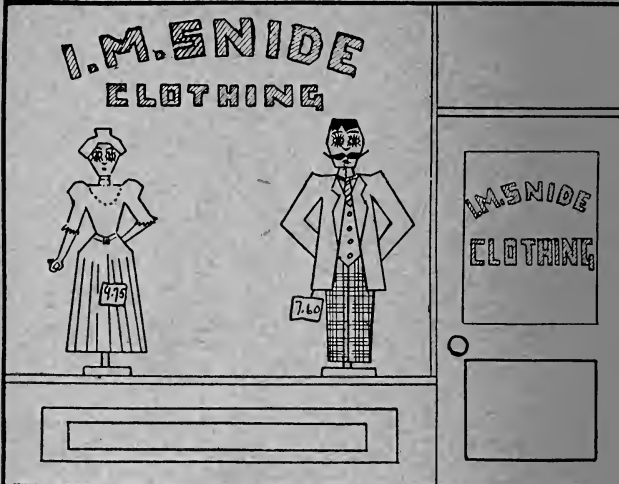


'Twas safe enough to call their bluff —
She won out on the show-down.



A bluff like mine won't go down.
It's something of a throw-down.

THE BOOK OF SPICE



Two ardent Clothing Dummies, to
flirtatious glances reared,
For many moons within a window
tarried.

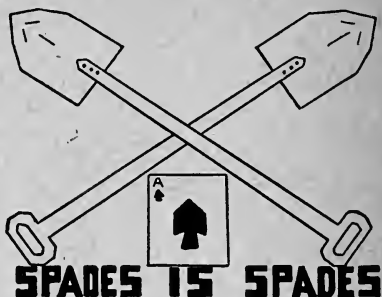
THE BOOK OF SPICE

**I.M. SNIDE
CLOTHING**



Until one summer morning, lo! a lovely
Doll appeared—
Good gracious! and they were not
even married!!

THE BOOK OF SPICE



When a girl looks simple, don't fool yourself—that's only the way her mother dresses her.



Wild oats never grow near wall-flowers.



A yacht is a seagoing craft which is christened with champagne and waterlogged with the same beverage.



An army officer is a young gentleman employed by the U. S. Government for active service—principally dancing.



A kiss is a small, explosive toy, of small commercial value, but highly esteemed as a gift or souvenir. It grows behind curtains, under palms, in the shade of icebergs—in fact in secluded spots of almost

THE BOOK OF SPICE

any temperature. When well cared for it attains a magnificent size and delicious flavor.



A kiss is something which a girl always looks forward to with expectancy — and receives with surprise.



When a theatrical company goes broke the actors may roar for their money loud enough to wake the dead — but they cannot make the ghost walk.



When a woman sets her cap at him the average man can find an answer; but when she asks if her hat's on straight it's impossible to make an intelligent reply.



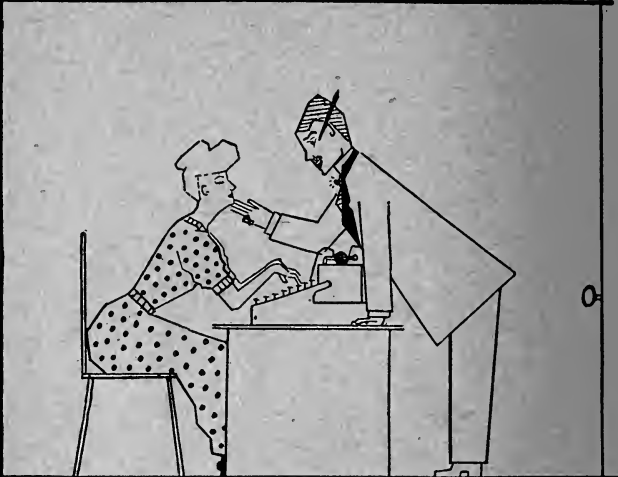
In Paris they call it "Bohemia," in Boston "The Simple Life," and in Podunk "Vagrancy." Podunk is the only place where it's curable.



Millions for expense, and not one cent for alimony!



THE BOOK OF SPICE



Love in a Cottage is pleasant enough,
Love in a Mansion is swell,
Love in a Flat is a little might tough —
But love in an Office is Hell !

THE BOOK OF SPICE

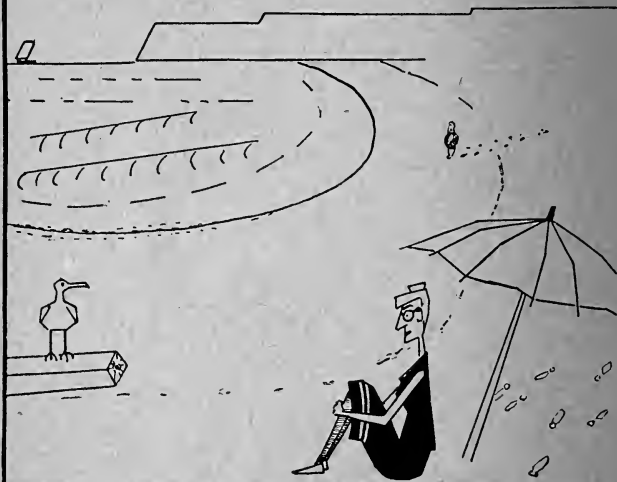


There's no use enquiring, "Where is 'e?"
He's busy.



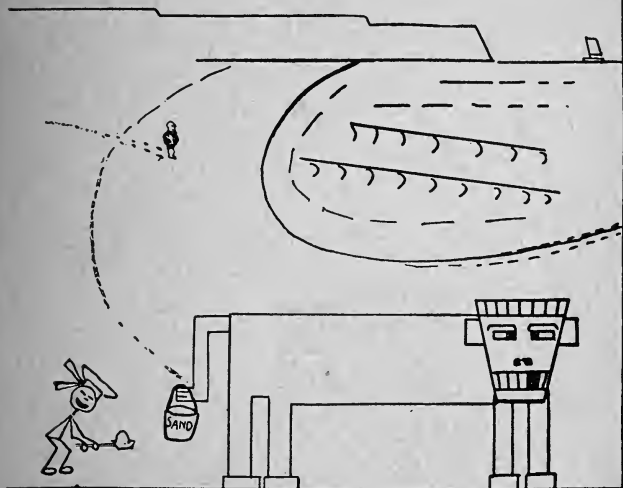
Be BRIEF!

THE BOOK OF SPICE



A Spinster sat upon the sand and asked the
reason why
When she came down to take a bath the
beach was always dry.
A Sea-gull heard her tender plaint and
answered with a grin,
"You make the tide so bashful that it
does not dare come in!"

THE BOOK OF SPICE

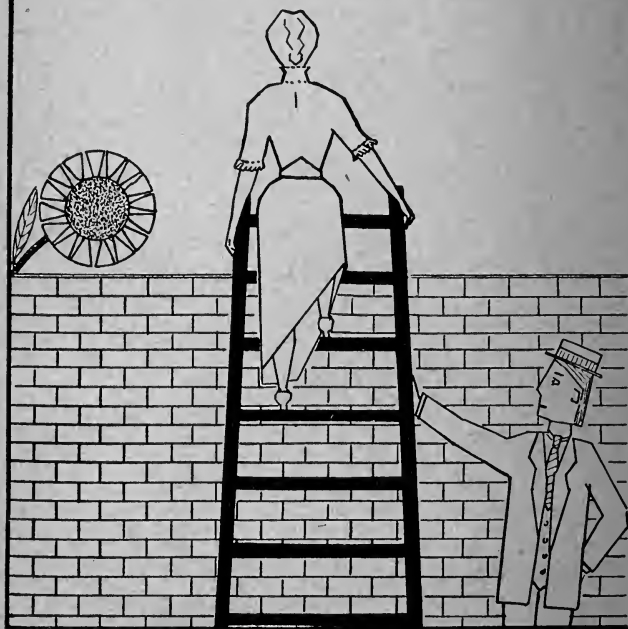


But sometimes when the seaside nymphs appear in
lovely form

The tide becomes so restless that the waves grow
almost warm.

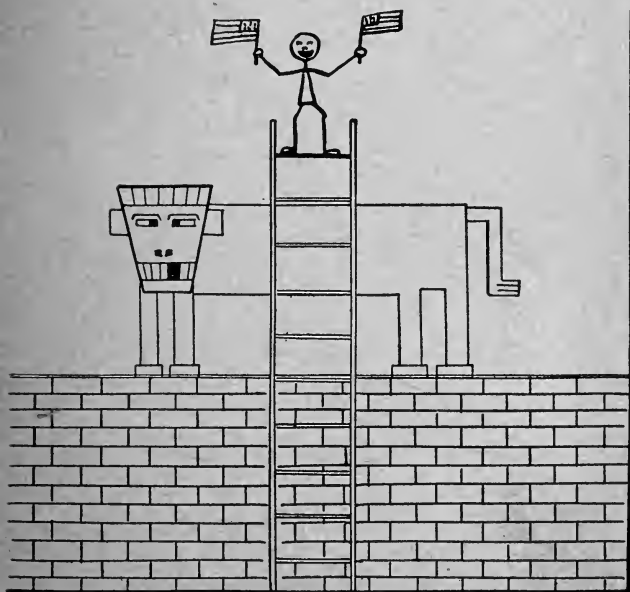
THE BOOK OF SPICE

He left her at the garden wall
And said in accents sadder,
“I hope I may see more of you” —
And then she climbed the ladder.



THE BOOK OF SPICE

The maid who is shyest
Looks ofttimes the fly-est
When climbing a ladder— The best things come
highest.



THE BOOK OF SPICE




Dr. Slitz, the famous surgeon of Keokuk, Iowa, recently performed one of his sensational operations on the human brain. A gentleman from Ohio, suffering from localized paresis, dropped into the doctor's office the other morning to discuss the tariff. Quickly chloroforming the patient the brain was removed and laid in an open window to thaw out. Here a hitch occurred which very nearly resulted in a mortifying predicament for Dr. Slitz. A vagrant ice-man, seeing the brain in process of melting, focused his burning glass on the congealed member from force of habit. In a moment it was reduced to an unrecoverable dew-drop.





Dr. Slitz immediately saw that the recovery of the precious organ was impossible and that he must act quickly, if at all; so, with his usual self-possession, he filled the patient's skull-cavity with a mixture of sawdust


THE BOOK OF SPICE

and beeswax, placed the lid back on his skull and sent him home. The patient entirely recovered and continues to hold his important position under the U. S. Government where the deficiency (if deficiency there be) will never be noticed.

 Codfish eye—this distressing malady has developed into an epidemic recently at Back Bay, Boston, and at Newport. It is usually accompanied by icy feet and a chronic sneer. The speediest cure consists in reducing the patient's bank account 95 %, rolling him in corn-meal and soaking him with a wet towel. Hard work on a farm is also beneficial.

 To cure that Tired Feeling in the Morning, go back to the Night Before and be a little more careful.

 Eating on an empty stomach is apt to be followed by loss of appetite.

 Before operating on a patient first determine the strength of his heart, then the size of his bank account.

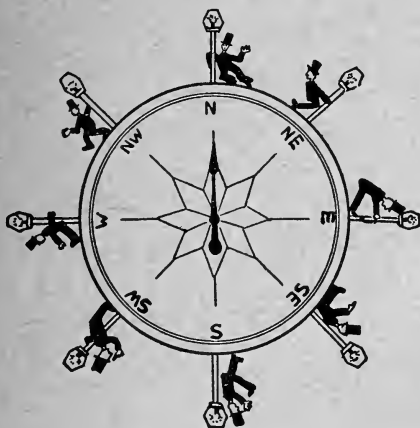


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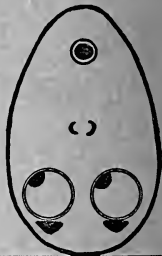
O clock upon yon dizzy height,
Don't kick up such a rumpus.
I do not need a clock to-night —
But I wish I had a compass !

THE BOOK OF SPICE



North-by-East and galley-West —
Hurrah for the wild sea rover
Who pulls his freight on a roller skate
And is always half seas over.
The Demon Rum, like a guiding star,
Glares on with burning eyeball
Till he steers his boat right over the bar —
And wrecks it on a highball.

THE BOOK OF SPICE



FOOL OSOPHY



It keeps the Man with the Hoe busy to support the Girl with the Hose.



I don't know much about those "flesh pots of Egypt," but if they were put up in the Chicago stock-yards they must have been a pretty fierce variety of canned stew.



"Order!" is the first law of head-waiters.



Some promises won't keep—not even in cold storage.

THE BOOK OF SPICE



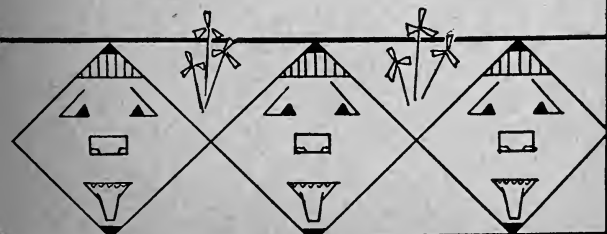
A flea once attended a fashionable dance. He was not invited, but before the evening was over he was very intimate with the best people there—and very much sought after, I am told.



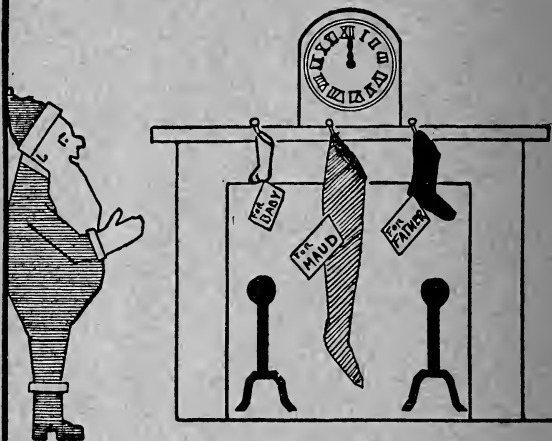
There was a romance in the side show. The fat lady married the living skeleton. “They will stick together through thick and thin,” said the bearded lady. “Yes,” murmured the dog-faced boy, “Love will have its weigh.”



The longer I watch stage doors the more I believe in Dr. Osler.

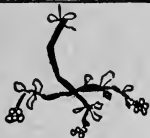


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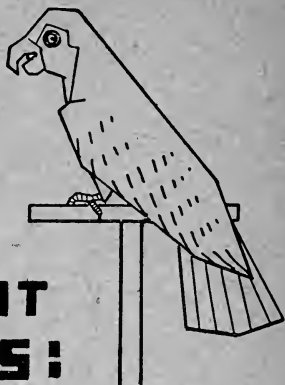
Said Santa Claus, puzzled of manner,
As he blew on his cotton bandanner,
“The size of Maud’s stocking
Is perfectly shocking—
I think she must want a pianner!”

THE BOOK OF SPICE



Yet Maud is a maid of such generous build
I'm sure that her stocking is always well filled.

THE BOOK OF SPICE



THE PARROT SAYS:



Don't refuse a maiden's "first kiss" — but take it with a grain of salt.



Superior wisdom is not the only thing that keeps old maids virtuous.



The moon is a good matchmaker, but as a chaperone — look out, girls!

If every man obeyed every woman when she said, "Please stop!" Cupid could take a vacation and the Recording Angel could close up his books and go fishing.

THE BOOK OF SPICE



If you want to cheat your grocer, rob your neighbor, and betray your friend's wife, get an "artistic temperament." That will excuse you for all your sins.



If she seems cold at first, don't you care. Chills are often followed by fever.



When Adam got his apples in the raw state it wasn't so bad, after all. But when Eve started in to experiment with apple pie, there was trouble in Paradise.



Many a girl who says "she'll be a sister to you" is mature enough to act *in loco parentis*.



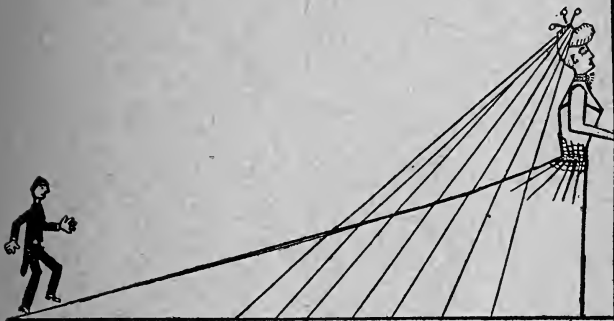
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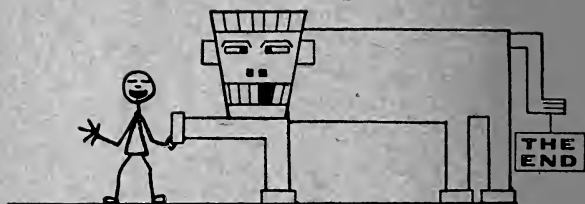
“Boy with the floral offering, pray tell me,
who’s the dead ’un?”

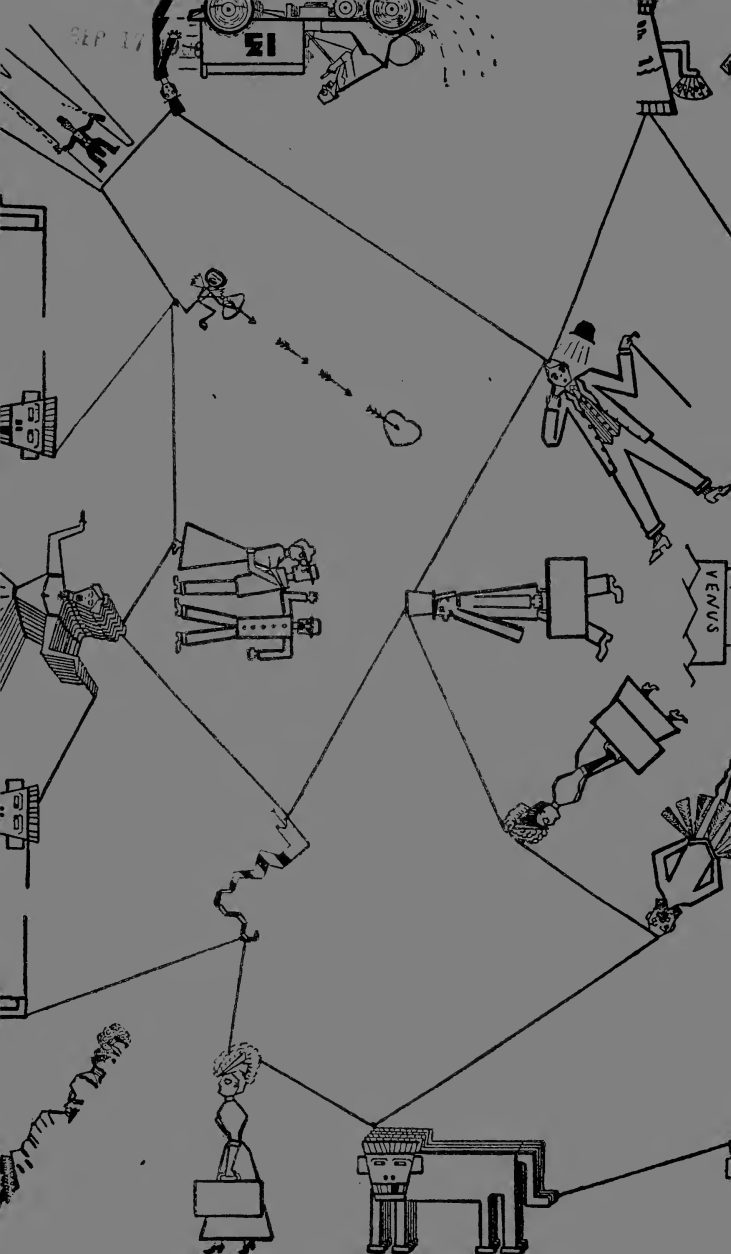
“Oh, no one’s dead,” the boy replied. “This
wreath is for a weddun.”

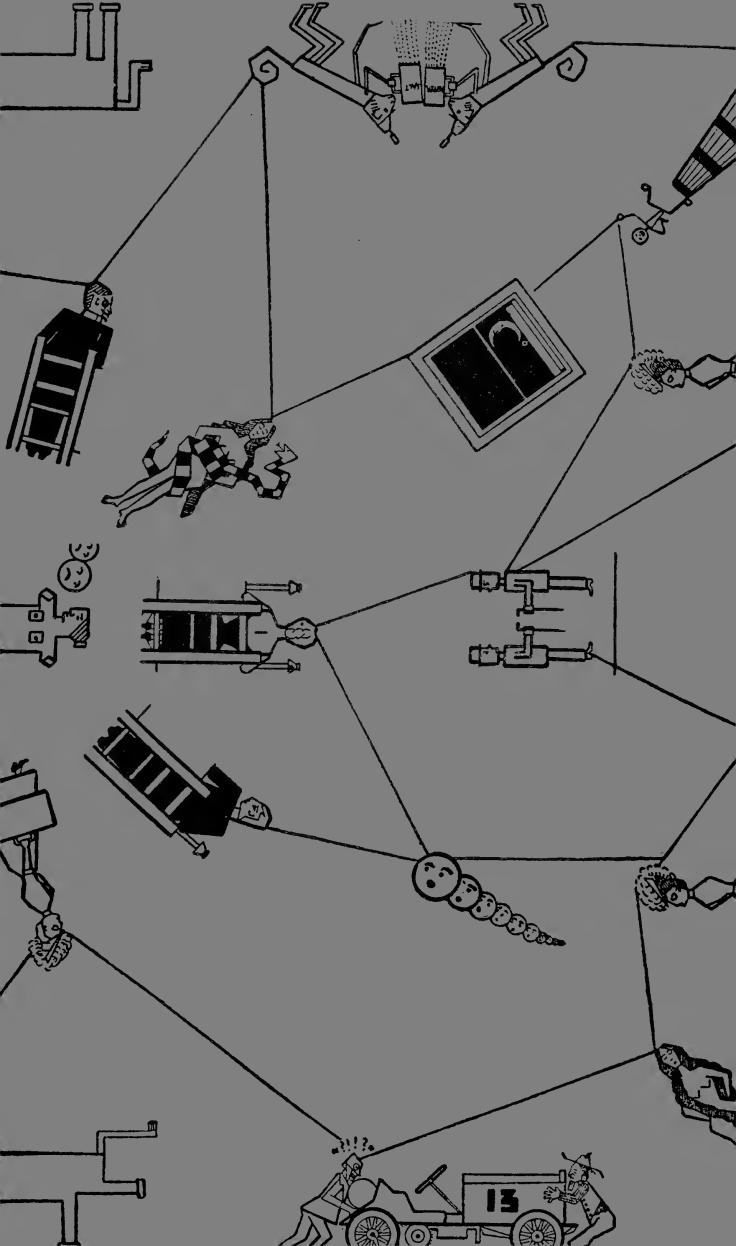
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“Nay, nay,” replied the Married Man, “though
death may bring release,
No earthly marriage e’er deserved an offering
marked ‘Peace.’ ”







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